

A small hotel room:

Pitezal sits in an overstuffed chair. Holmes, pacing, throws a flask at him.

HOLMES

Have a drink. You'll need it. Your wife Carrie has been sending discouraging letters. She's just about given up on you. We'll have to get you back to her soon.

PITEZEL

Yes.

HOLMES

So here's the insurance papers I told you about. You just have to sign and we'll begin our rouse, dear friend.

Pitezal looks up at him, then signs.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

There. And there. Perfect. Thank you. Are you thoroughly drunk?

PITEZEL

...Not yet.

HOLMES

Have another.

PITEZEL

How long will I have to wait?

HOLMES

The insurance inspectors will take no time at all once Carrie has verified the body is yours. Will you remove your belt?

PITEZEL

Why?

HOLMES

I'll need something identifiable.

Pitezal removes his belt, hands it to Holmes and takes another drink.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Thank you. You do trust me, don't you, Ben?

PITZEZEL

...Yes.

HOLMES

Then sit still while I—

Holmes straps Pitezell to the chair using the belts.

PITZEZEL

What's this for?

HOLMES

You told Minnie not to trust me. You told Anna to run. You said I was deadly.

PITZEZEL

You are.

HOLMES

Then you don't trust me.

PITZEZEL

...I- I don't know anymore.

HOLMES

I know how it feels now for a heart to be broken. Do you have any idea, Ben- how much I loved you? Everything I've done for you. I would never have hurt you.

PITZEZEL

You said you were going to find a body that looked like mine.

HOLMES

I'm sure I found one.

PITZEZEL

...You're going to take care of my children, aren't you? You said you were going to look out for them while I was gone.

HOLMES

I am a man of my word. Trust me.

PITZEZEL

And they'll get my money?

HOLMES

Of course, Ben. I owe you that.

Go ahead then.

PITZEL